

METROPOLIS



WARNER BROS.

Premiere Presentation of
MARCEL LUCHAU'S
MONDAY, MARCH 28
Special Screen



FRITZ LANG

(the Producer of "Metropolis")

WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

"METROPOLIS." For more than a whole year I have been unable to get away from the town of Stahlstadt—indeed and suffered many times from the bottom of my heart. It was often an unpleasant memory as a pleasure had suddenly we had to work on, but it was also a work of pleasure, and now that I have completed this great production I seek fresh company, and I should like to leave the town with a song of joy, for a new experience and fresh ideas for some other pleasant and lasting destination.

What can I tell you of "METROPOLIS" other than to express my grateful thanks to those who helped me so loyally in the building of it. I once knew a young violinist who became a great artist. He was unable to sing or whistle the simplest tune, and could only express his musical thoughts through the medium of his instrument. And so it is with me. Everything I have to tell I cannot express in words, but in depicting in black and white on the celluloid of the film, or I cannot succeed in finding expression on the picture, I certainly cannot find it in speech. It may be that the to-morrow will show what I mean. I have not yet got sufficiently far away from my work on "METROPOLIS" and am as yet too much absorbed to be able to say anything about it just now, but I hope that the reveal of the film will live and bear fruit. It is certainly something to have created "METROPOLIS." It was for me and for all who worked with me a goal to be reached. Having reached that goal, we find that it is only a sign post on the road which leads to further ambition, for the wonder-world of the film is boundless, and it is a glorious task to explore this boundless wonderland.



Fritz Lang and Assistants Shown at Work!





The First Attempt at Love Making

How a Love

By GUSTAV

(Who plays the part of Eric, the Son

I asked her, "now just you will say, after you have seen the performance of 'METHUSAN,' who would be capable then to hold the beautiful thing in the arms and maybe, love her? The scene in the rotunda, where Eric, the million, never had an looking up at Mary, was certainly not, oh, love and skitken!" No, nothing of the kind on the scene had to be done very thoroughly. It was not enough at all, neither for me, nor for my partner, Eugene, Hahn.



Our love scene took two days to make perfect.

"Oh, is a lover fellow," you will say. But if you had to sit this scene, you would think quite differently.

Imagine having to get up at 6 a.m., dress hurriedly, in half an hour, off by motor to the distant studio, a quick change of dress again and I stand as a workman in the muddy, rotunda, surrounded by hundreds of lamps.

The Producer Shows How it Should be Done

A man is standing before me, he looks, sings and dances in many poses.

Brightie Hahn and I intently follow all his movements. The surrounding world disappears for us, and we live only for Frita Lang, who is showing with expressive gestures how we are to play our parts.

"You understand?" he asks.

"Yes."



The Finest Love Scene

Scene is Taken

FROHLICH

of the Millionaire Ruler of "Metropolis")

I tell on my knees and with what I think is deep sincerity and crying I am looking at the girl.

"Stop; that's no good," says I long.

"Regretter never looking", and again I am on my knees. Finally, she caresses my hair, but all my unconscious efforts are in vain. It takes hours and hours of effort and tremendous repetitions. We are already at a point of tedium, so that we both finally believe that we are really in love with each other.

Lights are switched on and really the scene is "shot." But no good.

Again and again because the camera was not heartfelt enough to be sufficiently convincing.



Examining the Details of Dress Before the Camera "Shots"



Attention, Lights—Camera "Shooting" the Love Scene.



A Little Recreation

Then the camera was switched—down on the floor again—then some thing else was wrong—and so it goes on from morning to night.

The camera takes one picture from a different angle. I sit more, longer, more and longer, we repeat the scene. Just think it took two days but that is how our love scene was done.

THE FLYING CAMERA.



Fritz Lang Experimenting with the Flying Camera.

low was "shot" of the impression was obtained. The idea is to endeavor to make the spectator feel that he is actually there, and is taking part in the scene. He is moving about amongst the actors, and at the same time his eyes are travelling from one part to another, and not merely standing by, looking on as a spectator would. If the camera were placed on the head so that it moved from place to place with him, turned when he turned his head, and altered its focus as that of the eyes altered, then such an effect might be obtained but to carry the camera in such a manner was out of the question. So the impression was gained by the change and turn of the "flying camera."

It was during the final scenes in "METROPOLIS"—hundreds of children, struggling with life-or-death thoughts and with lives in jeopardy save themselves. Elin Matheson and Mary are endeavoring to rescue them. The only means of escape is through a small iron door and an iron staircase, which leads to the upper world.

In wild confusion they are moving towards the one narrow road, whilst the crowd water runs higher and higher.

That is the scene captured which is shown in the picture, and to impress the fact of the children's agonies was a far harder task. The two camera men, Carl Freund and Milton, eventually solved this problem by placing the camera on a swing, and sweeping it back and forth, and forward towards the iron door. The dramatic lights of the swirling crowd and the scene on the head of the spectator the feeling of fear in contrast to see the impression that the world will collapse in the next instant. This is



The Flying Camera at Work.



THE CHILDREN OF "METROPOLIS."

By THOMAS VAN HARTSHORN

Very many remarkable things happened during the making of "METROPOLIS," but the most unforgettable was the laboring crowds of poorly clad children in this gigantic and impressive subterranean city of the laboratory. They came from the poorest quarters of Berlin to Hulsberg, accompanied by their sisters and relatives to take part in the picture scene of them for weeks and weeks on end, and others occasionally when we were able to employ them. My heart went out to them, for on those days when there was nothing or very little to do, Hulsberg was a paradise to them, because they found the taking of a picture quite a treat, and the very thing they had dreamed about. The warm clean rooms in which they changed their clothes, the games in the beautiful yard and all sorts of toys for their pleasure. Most important of all there was always plenty to eat for them—all the hungry little mouths four times a day there was a hot meal for them with hot soup and cake at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was no wonder, therefore, that in the evening there was always more children than in the morning, for a bunch of them

who were not engaged, simply drifted over the fence and snuggled themselves in between the others in order to get something good to eat. To be quite honest I was amazed at the liking of the children's scenes. The food catastrophe alone, in the case of the laboratory, was accompanied by scores of technical difficulties. With hundreds of little children who had no idea of what it means to take a picture—and some unknown circumstances with one of them would have been sufficient to destroy the whole period work of weeks and weeks, but we were very pleasantly disappointed. No film ever had more enthusiastic and willing collaborators than these little children. They were always willing to dash into the rubber cloth water. They ruled the attention. They performed fear and desperation like perfect actors. Only now and again some of them had to be reminded if they should so far forget us to look round-mouth at the camera.

Thanks are due to the dear little ones for their splendid help in making "METROPOLIS," and I thank them from the bottom of my heart for what they have done.





Flood Catastrophe in "Metropolis"



Fritz Lang says, "Let us Build a Tower which shall Reach Up to the Stars."



And as the Sun went down for the 11th time, the Builders completed their work, and the new Tower of Babel stretched up to the Skies.

HOW IT WAS DONE

By CARL FREUND

(the Correspondent of "METROPOLIS")

Well, we simply turned and turned the handle of the camera, and the time passed very quickly. The two years of work on "METROPOLIS" was very interesting. We worked in the studio in the morning heat and the icy cold weather. For weeks and weeks we lived on the water during the time of the taking of the third scenes. For many days we did not

close our eyes, so many of the scenes had to be taken at night, but as it is all in a day's work, we took it as a matter of course.

And as if anyone asks: "Tell me, Mr. Freund how did you do that?"—and is there anyone who does not ask the same thing in such questions?—then I received the technical difficulties that Fritz Lang, the producer, and my fellow cameramen, Erwin, had to face. How was it done? Before explaining some of the intricate camera work in "METROPOLIS" I want to emphasize that what



The Destruction of the Machines.

seems to be a trick is not always so in fact. On the contrary, a good trick may not be realized by the public as such. For instance the scenes showing the destruction of the big machines in "METROPOLIS" were actually accidents and we also had to make a real fire under the "automaton" scene. Many are to mention the hundreds of scenes which were taken of scenes with out being very false at all, but as may be expected in "METROPOLIS," the only of the future, are shown some of the technical conditions



The End of the End "Automaton."

"METROPOLIS" MAGAZINE

Depicting Scenes, Story and Incidents in the Making of the
World's Greatest Modern Spectacular Film Masterpiece. . .



A Scene in "The Wonder City of the Future"



Circle—THE TELE VISION 'PHONE

Middle—Switching on the Photograph of the Person to whom one is speaking

Bottom—Behind the Scenes of the Television Phone, showing how it was done.



which have only been hinted at. For example the television-phone. It was not so easy to get at once the effect of the Master of "METROPOLIS" called Albee being able to see and hold an evening conversation with his daughter in the machine room. At first of all we took a picture of the daughter, then we projected this picture through an ordinary projector on to a screen of ground glass on the televisor. The effect was amazing; the problem of television effect was solved in the most reasonable way. Of course, we cannot recommend this method to be constant for their own purposes, as some technical difficulties might arise in such a procedure. Another difficult problem was the technical solution of a drive through the city of the future. We built the inside of a motor car in the studio and behind



The Interesting Art of Mike Up



The Completed Work

it we pointed a view of a city-scape, historic monuments, etc., which in revolving panorama form gave us the effect we desired.

The building of the Tower of Babel also gave us all many a headache. Actually no technical help was intended to be employed here but we required 4,000 unskilled men. This in itself seemed a hopeless task for the assistant producers, but at last we got 1,000 men, picked men who were prepared to have their heads shaved. A few dozen barbers were called into service and immediately set to work on the 4,000 heads. This was all very fine and here but we only had 1,000 and we wanted 4,000. But the difficulty was solved. We photographed the 1,000 men six times, and by joining these six parts together we got our 4,000 men. Another difficult aspect was to get the right camera angles. For the flood scenes we had to build a raft on which everyone commenced with spotlight cameras, etc., were placed.

But for me, naturally being somewhat reticent it was not very easy to "shoot" from some almost impossible situations in which the camera was placed. Anyway all difficulties were surmounted, and that was "how it was done."



The Floating Camera Platform from which the Flood Scenes were taken










Preparations for the Building of the Tower of Babel in which 4000 Bald-headed Men were employed.

FIGURES THAT SPEAK

Compiled by the Assistant Producer—Rudi George.

The making of "METROPOLIS" occupied 590 working days and weeks working nights—from the 22nd of May 1925 until the 7th of October 1925. The following materials were used during the production:—

	Feet Negative Film—1 800 000 Positive Film—2 800 000		Wages for Laboratory... £10 000
	ARTISTS— Leading Parts... 2 Smaller Parts... 750		Cost of Costumes... £10 000
	Groups Male... 25 000 Groups Female... 15 000		Shoes... 1 000 pairs
	Hats and Wigs... 1 000		Wigs... 50
	Children... 750		Motor-Cars of Special Construction... 50
	Negroes... 150 Chinese... 25		
		Light	Paint
			
		Wood	Plaster
			Mortar

£20 000

What the Actors have to Say!

BRIGITTE HELM

HOW I WAS DISCOVERED



Brigitte Helm as the Venus "Robot" in the "Wonderful Cabinet" scenes in "Metropolis."

It seemed to me as if I were dreaming. I was always very much attracted by the stage, and even as a child I often used to play the leading part in our school performances.

At that time I was only twelve years old, but people found that I had some talent, and advised me to go on the stage. I was always thinking of films, art, and the many other things that girls of that age do think of. Accordingly, I looked forward to the moment when I should stand in the limelight, but this moment never came, and time was passing. My mother saw my despair and decided to help me by writing a letter to Louis Lang. To my great delight I received an invitation to go and see him in Hirschberg. You cannot imagine how excited I was. I stood in the large studio, amidst the lights, and many strange folk, trembling like a leaf; everything was so new, so unusual, so fantastic to me. Someone gave me a little to read, and while doing that the lights were switched on and the cameramen turned the handle. The great moment had come! I was being filmed! Then an actor approached me respectfully, and in a kind shaking voice insisted on me. Afterwards I heard that this incident was necessary, as Mr. Lang wanted to test my expression. The test turned out satisfactory, and I was again under contract to play the double role in "METROPOLIS."

ALFRED ABEL

The Master of "Metropolis."

MY EXPERIENCES IN YOKOHAMA.

Yokohama! Straggled women in pretty kimonos! Continuous in evening dress.

Night scenes! A gentle shower passes through the ladies and the painted faces of the ladies with their white feather fans and



light streaming shadows serving as a protection against the bitter cold. Ten! It is cold, very cold indeed!

Randy! Lighful! Gamers!

"Here guests! More life, ladies and gentlemen!"

My kung's voice sounds through the night

Here we all are in Yokohama—the biggest pleasure garden ever conceived. Well, when you are shivering with the cold how can you be gay? Two of the beautiful ladies approach the all-powerful producer singing: "It is so cold, please give us something to warm us."

"All right! Charles, bring a bottle of cognac." One bottle of cognac for a freezing

crowd of a hundred? A dash through the brain—"Charles, get me bottles, one bottle, but be quick!"

There was a cheer. There was party and real enjoyment, and no more need for vocal accompaniment.

THEODOR LOOS

The Secretary of the Master of "Metropolis."

I GET MY FEET WET

I had some of the pleasantest bathing in my whole life in the studio plant of Nobe-hof, where a large tank was built for the flood scenes in "METROPOLIS." The water was especially kept at a very low temperature for my safety, so that we should not become too soberant.

We had to climb into the water from morning to night with about 500 children. Sometimes we got some gray shampoos when our consciences on my back. My kung and all his staff with cameras etc. were especially linked to a float, and moved amongst us, trying to be cool and the biggest and most powerful jets of water, but in spite of all the precautions we were not so. I would not have missed those thrilling days for anything in the world. Even when I got my feet wet, I felt that it was worth it.





The Stadium of the Sons of the Walls.



The Mediator Between East and West.

THEA VON HARBOU

Authoress of the Novel and Scenario of "Metropolis."



Thea von Harbou is descended from a very old family, many of whom have been prominent members of society. In her earliest youth she was attracted to art and literature, and many short stories, novels and plays came from her versatile pen. When the film came to the fore, she was drawn by literary instinct to this field of magic power, and she had a very sure insight into what was needed for the film, for her very first scenarios attracted expert attention, and that attraction still remains. There is no scenario of hers that has not been filmed, and most of these are from her own novels. Her imagination and knowledge of what is required for the making of good pictures is remarkable.

One has only to look back on some of the work she has already accomplished to recognize some of her wonderful powers of creative imagination. "THE INDIAN TOMB," a novel

from which she constructed a scenario, at once fantastic and impressive. Everyone will remember the famous picture "DESTINY." This scenario was also her work, and the first German masterpiece to be produced by her husband, Fritz Lang, whom she married during the time that the film was made. The whole world was impressed by the film interpretation of Norbert Jacques' famous novel, "Dr. MABUSE." This scenario was also the achievement by the pen of Thea von Harbou. Then came "THE NIRELUNGS" (Shepherd and King John's Revenge?). First she brought out the old saga in the form of a novel which suited the modern cinematic reader better than the old style of the original. This was a very worthy effort, the consequence of which was the creation of the two well-known films. Then came the idea to create something gigantic and ever widening in its possibilities, some thing that would give a glimpse of the mysterious future and which would at the same time appeal to all nations. The outcome of this idea was "METROPOLIS." First the novel, then the scenario and now the film—which will astonish the whole world with its revelations of marvellous wonders.

Thea von Harbou is an untamed authorship in the realm of pictures. Her ideas and words are the most precious foundations of each film and they take unto themselves visible shapes through the genius of her husband, Fritz Lang, acknowledged by the world to be the master-mind of cinema technique.

CONTRASTS.



ETERNAL SUNSHINE—in the Garden of the "Sons of the Rob."



ETERNAL DARKNESS—in the Subterranean Machine-Town of the Laboratory.

Detail—first on the telephone is 20/4. The speaker shouts the skills into the operator. No answer.

SOME FACTS ABOUT "METROPOLIS."

The idea of describing a city of about one hundred years hence, with all its modern achievements, was of course a very tempting and interesting one, for everyone likes to have a glimpse into the future, and nearly everybody has some idea of the technical developments of some kind, according to his imagination. Therefore, the skilled scenario writer had to provide for two important things, as necessary for the film as for the novel—*sensation and love.*

In **"METROPOLIS"** the sensation that will grip everyone is the making of the artificial human being—the "robot"—which as the soulless creation of imperfect man, lacks the divine instinct of love, and is therefore, condemned to wrong. Opposed to this there is the most ideal creation—a young girl of the people, for whose sweet and tender love the son of the Master of "Metropolis" is ready and willing to give his all. The whole of "Metropolis" may be compared with a modern Tower of Babel, where the different elements are fighting under different conditions for their salvation, or their indulgence in pleasure. So you find contrasts of all kinds, running the gamut of all the emotions and pleasures, until at last you get a splendid solution in the problem of this modern, stormy, wealth-seeking time—"THE MEDIATOR BETWEEN BRAIN AND MUSCLE MUST BE THE HEART." Much has been written in a fantastic way by prominent writers the world over upon this same theme. Not all these writers have succeeded in dealing adequately with the eternal question of Love in the midst of the imaginative forebodings of the ultra-scientific and mechanical world of the future. In these works, it is not unusual for the elements of imagined futurity to overshadow that of Love. The perfect blend of these two elements is rare, and in "Metropolis" we see that Love as it has been in the past, will in the world of the future, still be the simple power that it is to-day.

In "Metropolis" our sympathy is compelled alike towards the rich Roti and the poor and lovely Mary.

The word "Metropolis" is in itself symbolical of greatness, and it only remains to say that the production reaches such a dazzling standard that it will remain unsurpassed in the next few years. Therefore, we will not trouble our readers with the usual range of superlatives, but remain satisfied by asking them to go, see, and be convinced.

The Novel—continued

Grot nodded as he tried to keep concentrated. He would have loved to light his pipe, (if only smoking had not been forbidden here, like that of the village of the monks, and released upon released against the smugger door with a feeling of some hypocrisy. He knuckled the door. It was too stiff. He knuckled around and looked at his gauntlet. He knuckled at it affectionately. "The answer?" "What do you say to that heavy lot of fatheads, machines?"

The storm before the door seemed itself up into a typhoon. It was the knocking, long form of long resistance.

"Open the door! I knuckled the door!
"Open the door, you damned monster!"

"Why don't that just get out?" thought Grot. How well the door was holding! His golden door!

What were those drunken apes out there saying about?

"We've proved serious upon the machines!"

We have understood the machines to death!"

He lay to—! He could stop too—could Grot! He could stop drinking again, just that! He knuckled with both hands against the pedestal of the machine upon which he was leaning. He pushed the little eye down lower in his neck. With his red face resting upon his knees against with his mouth he "rang" with his whole throat, while his little wild eyes were fixed on the door.

"Come on you heavy lot of you dare!
Come if you want a good hiding, you heavy apes!"

Your numbers forgot.

To put your pants tight

When you were like you quitters!

You're not even in the past world!

You left from the railroad cart.

When it took the big curve!

And now you stand before the door

Before my golden door, and heart

Open the door! Open the door!

Let the door open to for you!"

The pedestal of the machine heaved under the drunken strokes of his foot-hills.

But suddenly they both stopped drinking and singing. An incredibly powerful, suddenly white light flung up there came, under the dome of the building. A sound, as gentle and as penetrating as the whisper of a temple bell, became audible, overpowering every sound.

"Yes!" said Grot, the guard of the Heart-machine.

He sprang to his feet. He raised his hand flat, which shone with the joyful expression of obedience. "Yes, here I am!"

The Scenario—continued

At last, gasping freely, furious and roaring like a bull, he throws down the telephone, runs his fingers through his hair and shakes his head.

Scene 264—No. 1—Machine Room:

To the machines—to the machines. The "robot" Maria and a horde of men and women rush into the machine room yelling—

Title:

"Away from the machines! Let them run themselves to death!" The mechanics are dragged away from the machines and drawn into the crowd, still yelling—

Title:

"To the heart machine! To the heart machine!" The crowd exits like a whirlpool. The machines left alone still working.

Scene 265—John Frederick's Room Long Shot:

John Frederick enters and looks around. The tape machine with a heap of tape—John Frederick takes the center of the picture, picks up the tape and reads it, then goes to the telephone and takes up the receiver.

Scene 266—Heart Machine Shot of Telephone:

Grot looks up. A characteristic sign is repeated on the apparatus. Grot roaring into the telephone, takes up the receiver and listens.

The Novel—continued

A voice said, slowly and clearly:

"Open the door, and give us the machine!"
Gret stood motionless. Many big hammers
beating down from his nose. He gulped. But
he said nothing.

"Repeat instructions!" said the quiet voice.
The guard of the heart-machine swung his
head violently this way and that, like a
weather-bomb.

"I . . . I didn't understand," he said,
groggily.

The quiet voice spoke in a more forceful
tone.

"Open the door and give us the machine!"

The man cried and nothing, gazing stupidly
ahead.

"Repeat instructions!" said the quiet voice.

The guard of the heart-machine drew in a
great draught of air.

"Who is speaking there?" he asked. "What
logic have you working there—?"

"Open the door, Gret."

"The devil I will—!"

"and give us the machine!"

"The machine—!" and Gret "die-my
machine!"

"Yes!" said the quiet voice.

The guard of the heart-machine began to
shake. His nose a queer blue hue in which
the eyes stood like storm-bells. The whole
whole was shivering itself as a boiler against
the burning door, rattled heavily with pollen.

"The machine must deliver itself with three.
Death! Death! Death to the machine!"

"Who is speaking there?" asked the man,
so loudly that his words were a storm.

"John Frederson is speaking."

"I want the pain-ward!"

"The pain-ward is one thousand and three.
The machine is running on full power!" You
have got the lever to "Safety!"

The guard of the heart-machine stood like
a log. Then the big trumpet started steadily
around, rattled to the door, and tore in
the hole.

The web heard it. It yelled through. The
door flew apart. The web went into the man
who was standing on it, shrieking. The web
began to crawl towards the machine. The web
made its big hands upon the machine. A
dancing girl was looking the web on.

"Look—!" the shouted. "Look—!" The
beating heart of Minneapolis! Were shall be
done in the heart of Minneapolis—!"

"We've passed nothing upon the machine!
We have condemned the machine ourselves!
There's nothing more to be—nothing more!"

But the web did not touch on the web,
said. The web started out in the machine—
at the beating heart of the great machine cry.

The Scenario—continued

Scene 168—John Frederson's Room:

Donald—John Frederson on the tele-
phone gives an order emphatically,
with a strong facial expression.

Title:

"Open the door!"

Scene 170—Heart Machine:

Donald—Gret, on the telephone,
thinks he cannot have heard the
order correctly. Shouts something
into the transmitter, and points
with his thumb over his shoulder to
the door.

Different Camera Angle:

"Close-up" of the doors.

In front of them thunders and
shouts the crowd.

Scene 171—John Frederson's Room:

John Frederson on the telephone.
He gives with more emphasis his
unmistakable order: "Open the
doors!"

Scene 172—Heart Machine:

"Close up." Gret on the telephone.
It seems as if his eyes are going to
drop out of his head, as with the
peated excitement he shouts into
the telephone: "If the heart-machine
is destroyed there will not be our
sons in the submarine town left
upon another!"

Scene 173—John Frederson's Room:

John Frederson on the telephone; he
stamps his foot. "Do what I say!"

Scene 174—Heart Machine:

With a terrible cry, Gret throws
down the telephone, and pushes the
door lever over with his foot.

Different Camera Angle:

The eyes in front of the doors, led
by the "robot" Maria, suddenly
printing: "Look! Look!"

Detail:

The doors slowly open.

Detail:

Gret, half mad, rages like a lion in
its cage, shouting: "Dogs! Dogs!"

Different Angle:

The doors already show a small

The Novel—continued

which was called Monopole and which they had lost. They pressed up slowly, one after body before the machine, which seemed to move. In the face of the work its attempt to the east, at the very end, rapidly at five. Then, for the first destination stand in the face of the work.

But before it could take expression Grot, the guard there, himself before his machine. There was a little word which he did not dare to speak, into the face of the work. The change came at once, and was not done. He had to go to the work. The work moved and was gone. The work moved in five. The work was. The work was, in fact, it was very, during that in the face of the machine. It is there the man and the machine moved into one. Then and machine moved, the man moved. They pushed forward against work and machine. They moved the man and moved the machine. They moved him down. They changed him underfoot. They changed him underfoot and then just out of the door. They kept the machine, for they had the man—had the guard of the heart, but of it the machine—thinking that as moving, the man away from the heart-machine, they were seeing the heart from the heart of the great machine city.

What should be done to the heart of Monopole?

It should be broken underfoot by the work. "Death!" called the machine, and "Death to it!" replied the machine, and "Death to it!" replied the machine, and

The Scenario—continued

speaking. Some of the crowd are swinging themselves on the doors.

Detail:

Grot turns round as if shot.

Scene 37b:

Taken from inside towards the doors. One of the doors disappearing upwards and the other downwards. Hands are clawing, faces appearing, some bodies are swinging onto the working door.

Camera turns to Grot:

Grot, helpless with rage, unable to control himself, takes up a crowbar, and stands roaring with his body bent forward, deadly dangerous.

Camera further back:

Crowd climbing over the doors, on the other side, shouting with anger.

Detail:

Grot takes a few steps towards the machine. The crowd streams on, led by the "robot" Mann towards the heart machine, shouting "Death to the machines!"



And so the Machines Forced Themselves to Death.

"METROPOLIS."

THE CAST

JOHN MASTERMAN ... ALFRED ABEL
ERIC, his son ... GUSTAV FROLICH
ROTWANG, an inventor .. RUDOLF KLEIN-ROGGE
SLIM ... FRITZ RASP
JOSEPH, Secretary to Masterman
THEODOR LOOS
CROT, Foreman of the Heart-Machine
HEINRICH GEORGE
MARY, a girl of the people ... BRIGITTE HELM

Directed by FRITZ LANG

Scenario by THEA VON HARBOU

Camera-men: CARL FREUND, GUNTHER RITTAU



"METROPOLIS"

THE STORY OF THE FILM

Adapted from the Novel by Thea von Harbou

"METROPOLIS," a great city of the future—a city of incredible construction, is the life-work and ambition of one man—John Masterman.

In the heart of this great city of Utopian wonders, stands the new Tower of Babel, from which John Masterman directs and controls all the powers by which the giant city is operated. The workpeople in this great "Metropolis" only interest the powerful magnate Masterman, so long as they are physically fit to operate his wonderful machines, and in order to save space and valuable land, he has built for them a subterranean city beneath the surface of "Metropolis." Here the workpeople live with their wives and children, hardly ever seeing the light of day, whilst on the surface, in palaces built for luxury and sport, the sons of the rich live a life of idleness and reckless pleasure.

Into this garden of happiness one day a strange girl of wonderful beauty appears leading a number of ragged and underfed children, and showing to them the once-free life of luxury led by the idle rich, exclaiming: "Behold, these are your brothers." Eric, the son of the powerful John Masterman, has seen the girl and realises the meaning behind her words. Fascinated by her great beauty and conscience stricken with the thought of these suffering poor children, Eric determines to see for himself under what conditions his father's workpeople exist, hoping to again meet the girl in the subterranean city. Here it is revealed to him the hardships and great sufferings his father's workpeople have to endure, and after witnessing an accident in one of the machine rooms, he hurries back to his father in the Tower of Babel, imploring him to meet better living conditions to the slaves in the catacombs below. The father, master-mind of "Metropolis," a man of iron will and nerve, fails to understand his son's appeal.

Eric, disappointed in his father's refusal to accede to his request, returns disguised as a workman to the machine rooms, and attends a secret meeting of his father's slaves, who are beginning to revolt against the iron will of the cohesion of industry. At this meeting, Eric again sees the strange and beautiful girl—Mary by name—who persuades the turbulent sections of the people to refrain from violence, promising that some day there will be a mediator who will act on their behalf.

John Masterman, having been informed of these meetings, pays a visit to the catacombs in company with Rotwang, the great scientist and inventor, who has created the electric marvels of the city, and who is absorbed in the task of perfecting an Automaton.

When Masterman sees Mary preaching to the workers, he persuades Rotwang to capture her and give his "robot" the face of this girl, so that the "robot" shall go among the workers and teach humility and submission to their masters, to prove to them that to Eke they must work.

Rotwang carries out the plan. Mary is captured and taken to his laboratory, and there by the most wonderful process of electrical transmission, her form and features are imparted to the "robot." This "robot" becomes animated. She is the exact duplicate of the real Mary, but being without a soul, is filled with all that is evil, and once among the workers, she is seen poisoning their minds against their employers and urging them to revolt.

The storm breaks loose, and the infuriated mob, led by the "Automaton Mary," destroy every machine that operates the great city, including the so-called "heart machine," on which the very life and death of the city of "Metropolis" depends. In the catastrophe that follows, young Masterman and Mary, who has escaped, united in a bond of love, save the children of the workers, who are almost drowned by the rush of water which destroys the subterranean city, as a consequence of the smashing of the machines.

In the rush and turmoil that follows, Eric and Mary are separated, and the infuriated mob, seeing the artificial "robot," attempt to burn her at the stake. Young Masterman, seeing this, and thinking it is the girl he loves, tries to save her at the risk of his own life. John Masterman is a broken man when he finds that not only is his life-work in ruins, but that he also lost his son, whom he loves more than anything on earth. When to his indescribable joy he learns that Eric and the real Mary are saved, he becomes a changed man, and thanks his Maker for the preservation of his son and Mary.

And so the prophecy of the girl came true—a mediator between brain and labour has at last been found, for young Masterman, whose heart had been so full of compassion and feeling for the hitherto suppressed and suffering poor, had he following the instincts of his own heart, brought about a peace and good-will to all men.



Rotwang, the Inventor, Transmits the Image of Mary to the "Robot" by means of Chemical and Electrical Apparatus.

The Creation of the Artificial Human Being.

By **RUDOLF KLEIN-ROGGE**

(Who Plays the part of the Inventor, Rotwang, in "Metropolis.")

One day, I found a part of the studio in Neubabelsberg completely transformed in a most peculiar manner. It was strange to me, not being a technician and one who does not know even how to repair an electric bell. A huge, impressive and uneasy chamber representing the laboratory of the renowned inventor Rotwang filled of complicated and puzzling apparatus, machines, induction coils, resistance, switches, cables, by which, transmission tubes, spools which were different himself, looking chemical on bowls, tables of glass intricate wire connections and a number of

most mysterious objects. I was overcome with a very strange feeling when I entered the room lighted with numerous mercury lamps. Resting on a pedestal seat was the grotesque and mystical "robot," covering the supposed girl, Mary, whose very heart-throbs are to be transferred to it. When completed, this "robot" will have the appearance of this innocent girl, but its actions would be evil according to the will of its creator. Already the "robot" moves, but like an "automaton." The word, incomprehensible smile, the slow irresistible movements, the foolish motion of



Mary in Rotwang's Experimental Table with her Face being Reproduced on that of the "Robot."

of the head, the haunting loveliness of the "automaton," born in the minds of the scene artist and director, and fleshed out by the property man, holds us all spell bound. The stage workers, the electricians, otherwise never afraid, ready for a joke, never surprised with anything, seemed to feel some uneasiness. It would be foolish to say that the wonderful laboratory, with its countless known and unknown mechanisms, held up on the pet abilities of a limited technician, is Utopian and impossible, but I say so, although strange to all these things and not knowing why I had to watch this on, or that that which I had to appear quite some seemed to it, and do every-



thing with concentration. We all know that the metal "automaton" caused the tender body of a beautiful girl, Brigitte Helm, and that she had to suffer severely under the strain, nevertheless, at the crucial moment, the mysterious "automaton" turns its head towards us, and we feel that the great ideal has been accomplished, but somebody must be

watched, and the somebody, apparently with his mind set away, is watching with intense concentration, the slightest movement and every detail. He is Fritz Lang, the director, who not only believes in his work, which is a matter of course, but he believes in the power of the unreal, in the power of that which has never happened anywhere before, so that he must be convinced of the power of his lines. Much knowledge, many experiments had to be made by the camera men, Maxma, Freund and Renux, much time was taken also by the architect, Hauer, and the builders and painters, and Fritz Lang's imagination was brought into reality and was ready to be captured by the camera. This meant much patient waiting, and the camera



THREE INCIDENTS IN THE RITE OF THE ARTIFICIAL HUMAN BEING.

Top—Electrical Currents Transmuting the form of Mary to the "Robot."

Middle—Rings of Magnetic Field and Plastic Kneads the Mysterious Figure.

Bottom—The "Robot" comes to life, showing the Head and Neck Arteries and the Blood Joints taking Human Form.



The Producer Fred Long, Exhibiting the
Creators of the Artificial Human Being

made the metal robot very light (ly clad, and made for his, suffering, pain and discomfort). It was given him to put down into the open end of the metal "convention" where they were very closely collected by Hingale Hahn, who fully appreciated this job, and brought himself close later with the many taken from her novel collecting box. I recall was not even pleased with an uncomfortable and was hard metal hand. It was a kind of iron glove, but the grip of it upon my hand was either painful and some of my friends could tell a few painful stories about it. All these experiences remembered after several months at work and of course, many, are almost forgotten especially as I have been seen the finished film "MFRONNA, 18" for the first time and everything appeared to me as strange. I had not the feeling that I was one of those who had played a part in it. Its magnitude gripped me so strongly, as it will the many thousands who see it on the screen for the first time.

to show the strategies in which I lay up our spirits. For a long time it was a great deal of endurance. But when the lamps were fully switched on, and the cameras rolled, then came out toward the camera, there were many figure intervals, specially for me, concerned to show helplessness as Hingale Hahn was. For days and nights she was confined



Circle—The First Steps of the "Robot."
Bottom—The "Robot" and its
Inventor, Retnang



Many "Five" "Smiles"
taken during the production
of "Metropolis"
Castro: Felix Long